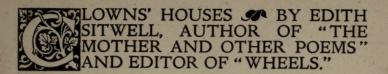




PC.N Kredu (1915)









TO

HELEN ROOTHAM
OSBERT SITWELL.
SACHEVERELL SITWELL

¶, My thanks are due to Mr. C. W. Beaumont for permission to reprint "Weathercocks" from New Paths.—E. S.

CONTENTS ST

						Page
Fireworks						7
Minstrels						8
Déjeuner sur L'Herbe					1112	9
What the Dean said to	Silen	us				10
Strawberry Paths .				3		12
Weathercocks	1010					14
Two Drunkard Songs	4393				13	15
Myself on the Merry-g	O-TOU	nd		1313		18
Black Coffee	O TO a					20
The Old Nurse's Song		•				20
Rocking-Horses .			•			21
On the Guitar			4	1		22
Variations on an old N	irecor	Ph	Trma			22
	uisei	y Kii	yme			
Mariner-Men						23
Palanquins						23
The Dancers						25
Acrobats						26
Plutocracy at Play .	36	1		100		27
The Madness of Saul						29



Digitized by the Internet Archive in 2007 with funding from Microsoft Corporation

FIREWORKS 5

INK faces—(worlds or flowers or seas or stars), You all alike are patterned with hot bars

Of coloured light; and falling where I stand, The sharp and rainbow splinters from the band

Seem fireworks, splinters of the Infinite— (Glitter of leaves the echoes). And the night

Will weld this dust of bright Infinity
To forms that we may touch and call and see:—

Pink pyramids of faces: tulip-trees Spilling night-perfumes on the terraces.

The music, blond airs waving like a sea Draws in its vortex of immensity

The new-awakened flower-strange hair and eyes Of crowds beneath the floating summer skies.

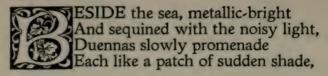
And, 'gainst the silk pavilions of the sea I watch the people move incessantly

Vibrating, petals blown from flower-hued stars Beneath the music-fireworks' waving bars;

So all seems indivisible, at one:
The flow of hair, the flowers, the seas that run,—

A coloured floating music of the night Through the pavilions of the Infinite.

MINSTRELS ST



While colours like a parokeet Shrill loudly to the chattering heat; And gowns as white as innocence With sudden sweetness take the sense.

Those crested paladins the waves Are sighing to their tawny slaves The sands, where, orange-turbann'd stand— Opaque black gems—the negro band!

While in the purring greenery
The crowd moves like a tropic sea—
The people, sparkles from the heat
That dies from ennui at our feet.

The instruments that snore like flies Seem mourners at Time's obsequies. The sun, a pulse's beat, inflates And with the band coagulates:

"A thousand years seem but a day— Time waits for no man, yet he'll stay Bewildered when we cross this bar Into the Unknown:—there we are!" Eternity and Time commence To merge amid the somnolence Of winding circles, bend on bend, With no beginning and no end,

Down which they chase queer tunes that gape Till they come close,—then just escape! But though Time's barriers are defied They never seem quite satisfied.

The crowds, bright sparks struck out by Time, Pass, touch each other, never chime: Each soul a separate entity—
Some past, some present, some to be:

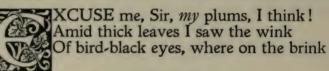
But now, an empty blot of white, Beneath the senseless shocks of light Flashed by the tunes that cannot thrill The nerves. Oh! Time is hard to kill!

DÉJEUNER SUR L'HERBE

REEN apples dancing in a wash of sun— Ripples of sense and fun— A net of light that wavers as it weaves The sunlight on the chattering leaves; The half-dazed sound of feet, And carriages that ripple in the heat. The parasols like shadows of the sun

Cast wavering shades that run Across the laughing faces and across Hair with a bird-bright gloss.
The swinging greenery casts shadows dark,
Hides me that I may mark
How, buzzing in this dazzling mesh, my soul
Seems hardening it to flesh, and one bright whole.
O sudden feathers have a flashing sheen!
The sun's swift javelin
The bird-songs seem, that through the dark leaves pass;
And life itself is but a flashing glass.

WHAT THE DEAN SAID TO SILENUS SO



Of water, trees seem pale as rain, With watery sounds,—and marked with pain That you were—at it—once again.

No really, Sir, I must protest; For you and each shy-footed guest Have quite deprived me of my rest:

The sap of trees within my veins And sleepy frondage of my brains Hurts quite as much as growing pains;

My trees that hung above a pool Like sleepy clouds of cotton-wool No longer seem to me so cool.

And on my lawns of parrot-green Where plumed trees have a bird-quick sheen, Young persons are distinctly seen,

In colour, really, scarcely nice— Like centaur waves that drip with spice From Indian isles of ambergris;

Their wilderness of glittering hair Seems fire-plumed devils of the air.— My sheep, those sparkling clouds, pass there;

And while the heat, red Harlequin, Plays on the airs for mandoline, Each in an air-white crinoline

With points like coloured dust of stars— Confetti, or the wavering bars From sharpened strings of light that mars

The fruit-trees, (cataracts of fire That in those nets of golden wire Catch bird-voices to light the pyre

Of cherries)—teach my sheep to buck; My apples, red with sleep, they pluck, And cherries, plums and grapes they suck.—

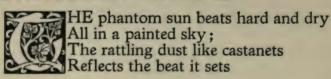
Then, mirage-waters as they flow, Or dream-perfumes, they fade and go With movements like a ship and slow.— You'd scarce believe, but till of late You came, between a man and mate I scarce could differentiate,

And always thought a double chin Was incompatible with sin. And at my age, one can't begin

To study men instead of bees! My gaiters seem like trunks of trees— Not pillars of the Church that freeze

To stalactites of boredom through Long centuries of sermons.—No, I really think, Sir, you must go!

STRAWBERRY PATHS



And echoes in it's dazzling glare The bells that chiming there Like rainbow splintered glass, let fall Their prisms over all. The branching trees seem verdigrised As founts of steel, released To catch the sun and hold it fast In shining cords they cast.

In towers of glass that pierce the skies The naiad's laughter dies; And flowers laugh like Harlequin, All wetted to the skin.

Their sharp scents pierce the glittering air Like snakish-thin flutes there;—And some are cold and serpentine: Gold-diapered their skin

While, dame and poppet, each frilled rose That in dark leaves lies close— Nursing her buds, will curtsey low To see me as I go

Upon the gravelled paths; my plait Escapes this broad-brimmed hat; My lips are like ripe strawberries; One little bird that flies,

Hid in a brown cloak with a tail Like some small nightingale Whose hidden name is "Love," would fain Peck them again—again.

WEATHERCOCKS 🥒

LD Owl-wing shakes his lap Of money to the peoples: His stripy dunce's cap Is twirling on the steeples With bells of noisy-coloured rain, He's paid his money, gone to Spain. And cows and sparkling sheep In shrill green painted fields Seem blocks of wood asleep— Or cloud in air that yields: Like wooden bumpkins' sun-round stare Clocks seem, in new-washed air: Bucolic round-faced clocks That laugh at pirouettes Of glittering weathercocks Each preening as he sets Clouds tumbling like striped coloured clowns Through all the far blue towns. With thunder drumming after. A coloured bubble is the world— A glassy ball that clowns have hurled Through the rainbow space of laughter.

TWO DRUNKARD SONGS

DUCKIE.



HE streets are dancing with my glee— The black streets hurl their stones at me— Houp-la! the world is gay!

Stairs like cataracts that burst The sun, a yellow bladder's thirst, Houp-la! the world is gay!

And as the streets their refuse fling The ragged skies are fluttering— Houp-la! the world is gay!

Like my black tatters blown by Chance— And all the muslined windows dance Like little girls at holiday!

The old are young, the young are old, The sunlight pours all whisky-gold! Houp-la! the world is gay!

A puppet on the string of Chance Through winds of misery I dance— Houp-la! the world is gay!

I was so young and debonair: My gay feet trod the summer air, Houp-la! the world is gay!

And now I gnaw my bones for bread And lying on my naked bed-Houp-la! the world is gay!



I wish I had a wealth of flesh To sell for bread or gnaw afresh. Houp-la! the world is gay!

I had a child; but joy had dried My breast. Grown thirsty too, he died, Houp-la! the world is gay!

And now I scour for carrion And live and hope and die alone. Houp-la! the world is gay!

Toil mangles us till hot blood spirt Upon the rich. This blackened dirt Is living, pulsing, breathing clay! Houp-la! the world is gay!

DOLCE FAR NIENTE.

In the hot summer evenings
We sit in laurel groves,
The sunlight soaks like water through our skins
And we are happy.
We, made of the red clay
Seem as the broken satyrs
Made of terra-cotta
That peer through the numb leaves.
We bask in the hot rays of the brass band
As bright as sunshine,
Invading dusty corners of the soul,
Loosening the trap of flesh
In which we're caught—O God, we're caught—
But no-one pities us.
Yet in each blaring tune

We pluck the dewy daisies of the stars
To crown our little love—
She in her summer gown
More white than childhood's innocence.
Oh! how the poor dreams fade, dear!
Perhaps they have grown tired—
For now we hardly hear
The music that our hearts desired.
And Life is but a roll of oil-cloth, smooth,
Patterned with dusty flowers that never lived
In a narrow passage full of smells of food;
And old Respectability, the spider,
Lurks in dark corners with his many webs
To catch our poor bright dreams, our happy dreams.

The city is hurling its stones as we run:
Stairways like cataracts, bursting the sun.
Belching black laughter, the chimneys and trains
Batter the city and beat
The noise into blindness, till reeling it reins
Our feet.

Saturn the King was as thirsty as Earth,
Soaked with the blood of his children at birth.
Drunk with the bodies we wrought—
On sap of their beings we'll fatten like him—
Batten and fatten all red at the rim,
And caught

In the trap of our flesh, while the hammer of toil Beats bloodless our bodies; the rich have made spoil Of our souls, a black vintage: we'll burst The bounds of their heaven—they're drunk with our Let them go sprawling like flies in the mud— [blood, Accurst!

MYSELF ON THE MERRY GO ROUND

To Robert Nichols.

HE giddy sun's kaleidescope. The pivot of a switchback world, Is tied to it by many a rope: The people (flaunting streamers), furled Metallic banners of the seas. The giddy sun's kaleidescope Casts colours on the face of these: Cosmetics of Eternity. And powders faces blue as death: Beneath the parasols we see Gilt faces tarnished by sea-breath. And crawling like the foam, each horse Beside the silken tents of sea In whirlpool circles takes his course. Huge houses, humped like camels, chase The wooden horses' ceaseless bound: The throbbing whirring sun that drags The streets upon its noisy round With tramways chasing them in vain, Projects in coloured cubes each face— Then shatters them upon our brain. The house-fronts hurl them back, they jar Upon cross-currents of the noise: Like atoms of my soul they are, They shake my body's equipoise,-A clothes line for the Muse to fly (So thin and jarred and angular) Her rags of tattered finery. Beneath the heat the trees' sharp hue— A ceaseless whirr, metallic-greenSounds like a gimlet shrilling through The mind, to reach the dazzling sheen Of meanings life can not decide: Then words set all awry, and you Are left upon the other side. Our senses, each a wooden horse, We paint till they appear to us Like life, and then queer strangers course In our place on each Pegasus. The very heat seems but to be The product of some man-made force— Steam from the band's machinery. The heat is in a thousand rags Reverberant with sound, whose dry Frayed ends we never catch, seem tags Of our unfinished entity; And like a stretched accordion The houses throb with heat, and flags Of smoke are tunes light plays upon. The band's kaleidescopic whirr Tears up those jarring threads of heat, The crowds: plush mantles seem to purr: Crustacean silk gowns take the beat From houses; each reverberates With this vitality and stir The giddy heat acerberates. And in the swirling restaurant Where liqueurs at perpetual feud Dispute for sequined lights and taunt Hot leaves, our dusty souls exude Their sentiments, while scraps of sense Float inward from the band and flaunt— Disturb the general somnolence.

BLACK COFFEE

HE lustrous air is echoing like a shell:
The thousand wheels and shafts of fire that fell

Within my sight from carriages that pass Reverberate like splinters of thin glass—

A shivering sound and coloured sparks that drown My air-white muslin gown.—

My wide-brimmed hat was fluted like a shell, With paper flowers that tell

How in my black hair hide two little horns. Each marguerite upon the table scorns

(Like pale Autumnal suns) the coffee in the pot—As black as any nigger, and as hot.

And so I sit through the late afternoon—Await, I know not whom, but coming soon.

Derived from a drawing by Aubrey Beardsley.

THE OLD NURSE'S SONG ST

TOLEMY, poor Ptolemy, In a dusty room doth lie— Beggars for his bedfellows, Pence upon his eye.

The old men spend his money, The nursemaids eat his honey— But no one knows at all, my dear, Where Ptolemy doth lie.
The moon, a milk-white unicorn,
She chased me round the town:
She chased me up—and chased me down—
She whistled through her horn:
"Go and listen at the keyhole
When the cold wind blows—
It's Ptolemy, poor Ptolemy,
A-snoring through his nose."

ROCKING-HORSES 🥒

ORSES of wood For me and for you.— Castles of crystal— Castles of blue. Nurse's white gown Shines through the trees Like a unicorn.—Down.— Up on the breeze. Foolscap with bells Hangs on the steeples; Oh! the flower-smells Where the sky ripples, Sky of blue satin. Horses of wood (Gee-up in Latin!) Go as you should. Soon, oh too soon, Right over all Toss the round moon Like a cowslip ball.

ON THE GUITAR ST

ANTALOON, oh Pantaloon,
Face all whitened by the moon,
With the Doctor, grown rheumatic,
Sat and quarrelled in the attic:
Tongues as sharp and shrill as grass,
Flames, bright singing-birds that pass.
Came the moon, a painted parrot,
Flashed her wings within the garret,
Left a feather in each head—
Whistled once—then off to bed.
Oh the foolish flowery note
Poet never learns by rote:
Throw your arms wide, Pantaloon—
You will never catch the moon!

VARIATIONS ON AN OLD NURSERY RHYME

HE King of China's daughter
So beautiful to see
With her face like yellow water, left
Her nutmeg tree.
Her little rope for skipping
She kissed and gave it me—
Made of painted notes of singing-birds
Among the fields of tea.
I skipped across the nutmeg grove,—
I skipped across the sea;
But neither sun nor moon, my dear,
Has yet caught me.

MARINER-MEN (Presto) 50

HAT are you staring at, mariner-man,
Wrinkled as sea-sand and old as the sea?"
"Those trains will run over their tails, if they can—
Snorting and sporting like porpoises. Flee
The burly the whirligig wheels of the train,
As round as the world and as large again—
Running half the way over to Babylon,—down
Through fields of clover to gay Troy town—
A-puffing their smoke as grey as the curl
On my forehead as wrinkled as sands of the Sea!
But what can that matter to you, my girl?
(And what can that matter to me?)."

PALANQUINS SA

LACK palanquins beneath a fateful sky Sway through the silent multitudes,—pass by.

Black palanquins with funeral plumes of smoke Whose tufted darkness brighter echoes woke,

Ripples in molten air, pass silently Through amber portals of the empty sea.

Vermilion as the masks of emperors
The sky seems splashed with blood. The vast earth roars

It's cosmic laughter, spattered at these gods Who whipp'd us—now grown thin as their own rods.

The dust of earth is rustling as it flaunts And rearing like the trunks of elephants,

With monstrous trumpetings like suns at war—Flaming pavilions of the equator.

Gold faces through the evil tropic air Like unknown suns or sudden music, blare,—

Fanned by the palm-leaves of their negro slaves Like statues of red coral, washed by waves

Of tropic heat. Now rise upon our sight The bull-voiced bellowings of monstrous light:

Mimes garbed as aeons, through black vistas drowned In equatorial vortices of sound.

And all the while the dust is muttering And we can tell their souls are guttering—

The lights we lit, that burned our souls away, The gods we made, yet could not break, in play;

Old fetishes we gilded with our blood,— Carved with weak hands from our primeval mud.

They draw the curtains. Tears of wicked gold Drip from their eyelids, blue as ice and cold,

To mock our thirsting. O they weep who could No longer warm their bodies in our blood

Because the Sun, all masked with gold as they, Grew thirsty too and drained our blood away.

And now we run toward the empty sea—Grown dry as gold and blind to agony.

We fling our arms toward the sightless sky—All masked with gold. The palanquins pass by.

THE DANCERS

(During a great battle, 1916).

HE floors are slippery with blood:
The world gyrates too. God is good
That while His wind blows out the light
For those who hourly die for us—
We still can dance, each night.

The music has grown numb with death—But we will suck their dying breath,
The whispered name they breathed to chance,
To swell our music, make it loud
That we may dance,—may dance.

We are the dull blind carrion-fly
That dance and batten. Though God die
Mad from the horror of the light—
The light is mad, too, flecked with blood,—
We dance, we dance, each night.

ACROBATS ST

("Edith Sitwell tries all manner of spiritual contortions with no great success. We suggest it is because she is too self-conscious."—The Literary World.)

WORLD! Fat woman ambling, with your hair Blond as the locks of Fortune, or the stare

Of opulent suns,—your tights are thought to be Pink flesh itself, and youth's simplicity.

Beneath the light's complacency and sheen Metallic waves of people glitter green,

Breaking in foam of waving handkerchiefs With a numb sound like lolling furry leaves.

The brass band winnows thoughts like coloured dust Or feverish confetti when the lust

Of eve for night turns people pink as prawns; Or when those silver mirrors for strange dawns,

The bird-songs, show a blurred confuse of faces. And while she convolutes with worm-like graces,

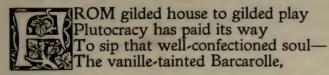
I throw my bouquet with the rest: gilt loads Of calceolarias, shaped like sleepy toads,

Yellow and spotted as old Mammon's thumb And velvet as the air gold-shot and numb.

Yet why should poets be constrained to bare Mock souls, fat Acrobatics at a Fair,

In pink tights, imitative flesh; their goal To be admired for fatted weight of Soul?

PLUTOCRACY AT PLAY SO



The iced veneer that violins made; Great mirrors green as lemonade Show tiers on tiers of gilded curls Rococo profiles, rows of pearls.

Submerged within a wavy sea
Of plush, our great Plutocracy
Once more like swan-white water-girls
Prepare to catch the notes as pearls.

Portentous women splash like whales Amid the froth of talk; and scales Of lights glance on their surface, wink And wish their jewels were good to drink;

And in the music's tepid seas
Bald heads seem red anemones
With gold fringe swelling on the tide;
The froth of conversation died.

The music's glutinous sweet flood Crawls in their veins instead of blood; Eyes glitter like the scales of fish With some half-formed Hebraic wish; And on the airs that proudly swell Each plutocratic Ariel (Wafted upon a half-formed sigh) Finds heavenly courts are not too high;

Whose pastoral life befits their rank With field of commerce, marbled bank, Where seated, the Eternal Nose Finds out the worm within their rose:

"Let those exalted be brought low"—And noses follow suit, you know—So on the cushioned ecstasy
Of music, our Plutocracy

Exudes the glucose of its soul— The vanille-tainted Barcarolle Mid tiers on tiers of gilded curls— Rococo profiles, rows of pearls.

THE MADNESS OF SAUL SO

SAUL. ATARAH (mother of Saul and Tiras). AMASA (their old nurse). CHORUS OF ETHIOPIAN WOMEN.

SEMICHORUS I.

VINEYARDS of the world, cry to the Dawn—Great streams of light that water all the world And flow like music in our veins, bring life To those unborn. O founts and waterways Of the young light, flow down and lie like peace Upon the upturned faces of the blind. For all the winds and wings of the wide dark Fan us to flame, and, Mother of the world, I stand with hands upraised to the young Day.

SEMICHORUS II.

The Sun's wide wings have fanned our bodies black: With eyelids like the flashing of a sword And lips like fire of flowers or frankincense We builded Day with our immortal kiss. We bring thee flowers, some pale with unshed tears, All lustrous with the echoes of the dawn, And perfumed with the light, or flame of flowers As yellow as the hair of Iacchus—
They grew in palace portals of the Sun. And these shall touch the eyelids of the moon With slumber, fill with music the chill air.

SEMICHORUS I.

O we are black because the heat hath kissed Our lips, those heavy grapes, and laid a kiss On eyelids like the chambers of the South Wherefrom the sweet light drips for frankincense. And we have brought you flowers—mounds of silver, And full of chilly bubbles for the bees.

SEMICHORUS II.

We sat beside the rivers and we wept,
For we are black beneath the Sun's hot kiss.
The Sun hath left his tent and kissed our breasts
Till they were sweeter than the budding grapes—
The savour of our eyelids seemed the morn.
And then She came, the music of the air,
And all the old worlds died away like dew.

SEMICHORUS I.

We are the perfumed portals of the dawn, We are the flowering vineyards of the Sun That break in music, glorify the Lord. Our heartstrings like the music of the suns Echo across the splendour of the earth, And Time, a fiery dew, upon our hair Is shed and fades; with lips and veins I cry—Light fills me, light invades me, light is life.

(ENTER SAUL).

SEMICHORUS II.

I heard a cry that rustled through the day: Broad rivers fanned by wings of many winds Have such a sound. But then it died again. And all night long I heard the tread of Doom.

SAUL.

Why have you slain the Sun? He was my brother. He kills the one he loves. So brothers do.

SEMICHORUS I.

The Sun hath golden feet to crush our grapes: But all the grapes of joy grew ripe too soon.

SAUL.

Flesh is but dew, though clotted with thick misery. She came, a fiery sun, to drain my life, And she hath kissed me, melted up my veins.

(ENTER ATARAH).

ATARAH.

Behold me—broken on the wheel of light. My footsteps are the tread of blinded Doom.

CHORUS.

Thy body reels as though some unheard wind Broken from Hell, blew on thee. What is this?

ATARAH.

Slain, slain, and by the hand of his own brother.

CHORUS.

Thy lips are red, but not with blood of fruits.

ATARAH.

I kissed my son. My lips shall wither now.

CHORUS.

And thou art clothed with trembling like the grass.

ATARAH.

My name is Madness, I whose face was light. Thus I exhale from all the chasms of life—Till heaven is broken into dust, and dies.

CHORUS.

Queen, old age clear and terrible as noon Thy face hath gathered darkness from the heavens.

ATARAH.

Pull down the heavens, seal mine eyes with night. O emptiness sifts endlessly—they rock, come down. I had two eyes, and she has blinded them—Two breasts to feed the world: she hacked them off. These were my sons, twin-born, my roots of life: And she has torn my roots, I drift through space.

SAUL.

Cry, tear the fabric of the world with screams. This whirlpool of my madness has sucked down The palaces of light into its depths. The pulsing earth is ashen-black as night: They say it is with drought,—old thirsty ape! There is no thirst save in my empty veins. She came, a snake, and stabbed my veins with love: Her fangs grew in my blood. I killed my brother.

ATARAH.

You should have stabbed my womb, Saul, my son Saul.

SAUL.

O that my tired body could find sleep Once more within your dark womb, O my mother.

ATARAH.

The earth is drunken with my lamentation And night invades my veins and flows within My face grown blind and featureless as heaven. I would Time were a dew that fades away And life a veil the hate of God has riven And this sad house of clay wherein I dwell Were broken like the earth,—were spilt as rain.

SAUL.

Ay, there is nothing left but silence now.

A cry went up, the weft of the world was riven—
Then silence filled my veins instead of blood.

ATARAH.

My tongue is changed to dust. I fain would weep. Only mine eyelids withered when Time died.

CHORUS.

O thou art veiled with tears like some sad river.

SAUL.

I would my body were a flame—a flame— That like a falling burning world should cleave The kindling sky, and then should fall far down Into the sea of blackness, leaving ashen trails Of dead sorrow, and disastrous desires Upon this wretched sphere of petty things, Of timid fevered thoughts and whining voices. But God hath spread the earth with reeling night, With blackness thicker than a wall. Our tears That fall like silver stars are all the light He sends us, in our night, and all the sound He gives, are sobs that rock the earth like waves.

ATARAH.

Bountiful Death, with lips and veins I cry Come to my breast that I may give you suck.

I had two sons, they clung upon my breast— But oh, they never need my breast-milk now— My breasts will wither for the want of them.

AMASA.

Nay sit a little, warming in the sun.
We have such withered hands that soon grow cold.
They said strange words to us, but we'll forget them.
I bore men too, and then the old grey men,
The old grey hungry men, said one word—war—
And wrung my children's bodies dry of blood
And hid them in a hole lest I should kiss them.
We are so old we should be gone—too old
To die, too weak to creep into the grave,
Two poor old women: for these strong young men
Have taken all the grave-room, and we're left!

ATARAH.

The lips that kissed my sons are changed to dust They shudder at the sad flame of my breath, But I've one prayer still left, one prayer, O God! Seal up her eyes that she may never weep; Seal up her tongue upon the Judgement Day; Seal up the earth that she may never crawl To hide her face from Thee within the grave: Seal up her breast that she may never feed Those children of her womb, the worms of death!

SAUL.

Crush down the beat of Time, O mighty God— The pulse of youth, the veins of love and hate, That I may hear the crying of her soul. Cry, weep, for there is none to hear you now: With those lips, red as hell, you burned the world. The light is dead, for with your long black hair That twists and writhes like hell's long hissing river You quenched the light. O you are very pale:—White with the dust of aeons is your face—Things ground to powder by the mills of lust.—And I will sift your dust like whitened ash From craters of my hate.—You looked at me . . . My bones were water, and the world lay dead . . . Oh, oh! the vast walls of the world gyrate—Close in—they'll crush my heart,—they'll crush my [heart.

ATARAH

My body is broken as the form of night I gave these light,—and they have blinded me.

CHORUS.

Our heartstrings were the music of the suns
When their strong youth comes freshened from deep seas.
We were the perfum'd portals of the dawn,—
The singing gardens of the Pleiades.
The vineyards of the world, our heavy locks,
When all the fruits of summer shout for joy;
Our eyelids were the chambers of the south,
The gold light drips therefrom like frankincense.
Then madness blew on us, a mighty wind:
The palaces of light are overthrown
And broken lie the rainbows, their great harps,
With burning music muted by the dust.
Our thoughts, strong horses that unfettered ran
Within the golden pastures of the Day;
Then Madness reined them; she has drunk their strength

As summer drains the strongest rivers' pride. We built new worlds with our immortal kiss, Then Madness swept like Time across our worlds. And when we spoke, all space broke into flower, Till Madness came like winter withering. And time was but the beat of heart to heart Till Madness sealed the heart-beat of the world. Bull-throated now the fires of madness blast. All space becomes one golden wheel of flame—The agony of endless moons and suns; That giant red hole that was the ancient sea Is fill'd with wreckage of the ruined sky,—The world's vast walls reel blindly,—then collapse.

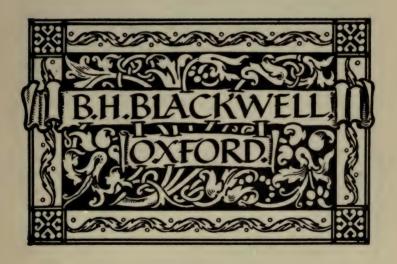
II.

Pull down the heavens like a sackcloth pall To spread upon our faces, sealed with night. Pull down the sun and burn the fiery moon; The fabric of the air is torn apart: The world is dead. There is no world at all. The light is dead. There shall be no more light. Pull down the heavens like a sackcloth pall. Crush down the beat of Time. It was my heart.

ATARAH.

The light is dead. The light is dead—is dead.

THIS FIFTH OF THE INITIATE SERIES OF POETRY BY PROVED HANDS, WAS PRINTED IN OXFORD AT THE VINCENT WORKS, AND FINISHED IN AUGUST, MCMXVIII. PUBLISHED BY B. H. BLACKWELL, BROAD STREET, OXFORD, AND SOLD IN AMERICA BY LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., NEW YORK.



BY PROVED HANDS OF POETRY VOLUMES IN DOLPHIN OLD STYLE TYPE ART BOARDS, THREE SHILLINGS NET.

- I. IN THE VALLEY OF VISION **BY GEOFFREY** FABER, AUTHOR OF "INTERFLOW."
 - C. "A mystical poet of much power."—The Morning Post.
- II. SONNETS AND POEMS BY ELEANOR FAR-JEON, AUTHOR OF "NURSERY RHYMES OF LONDON TOWN."
 - C. "Work of very fine quality."—The Bookman.
- III. THE DEFEAT OF YOUTH, AND OTHER POEMS

 BY ALDOUS HUXLEY, AUTHOR OF "THE BURNING WHEEL."
- IV. SONGS FOR SALE AN ANTHOLOGY OF VERSE, EDITED BY E. B. C. JONES FROM BOOKS ISSUED RECENTLY BY B. H. BLACKWELL.
- V. CLOWNS' HOUSES > BY EDITH SITWELL, EDITOR OF "WHEELS."
- ¶, "All the books of poetry that come from Mr. Blackwell's house in Oxford commend themselves by the care and skill, not to say elegance with which they are printed; and the look of the page cannot but prepossess anyone."—The Scotsman.

HEELS, 1918 THE THIRDANNUAL VOLUME OF THIS ANTHOLOGY OF THIS ANTHOLOGY OF THE THIRD ANNUAL OF THE THIRD ANNUAL OF THE THIRD AND SIXPENCE OF THE THIRD ANNUAL OF THE THIRD ANNUAL OF THE THIRD AND SIXPENCE OF THE THIRD ANNUAL OF THE THIRD ANDUAL OF

(""Wheels' is, in its way, as notable a phenomenon as 'The Yellow Book."—The Globe.

I, "Fifty years hence the publication of 'Wheels' will be remembered as a notable event in the inner history of English literature."—The Morning Post.

SQUES DECORATIVE VERSES BY E. F. A. GEACH AND D. E. A. WALLACE TWO SHILLINGS NET.

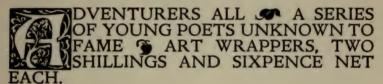
Boldness and venturesomeness are characteristics of the themes. . . . The verses are . . . full of spirit, invention

and promise."-The Literary World.

ALES OF THE SARAI BY A. G. SHIRREFF, AUTHOR OF "THE DILETTANTE" TWO SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE NET.

Q. "For humour we want nothing better. . . . We have not derived more pleasure for some time from any book of verse."

—The Times.



XVIII. DUNCH • BY SUSAN MILES.

XIX. DEMETER AND OTHER POEMS BY ELEANOR HILL.

XX. CARGO > BY S. B. GATES.

XXI. DREAMS AND JOURNEYS BY FREDEGOND SHOVE.

XXII. THE PEOPLE'S PALACE > BY SACHEVERELL SITWELL.

EBEL VERSES SO BY BERNARD GILBERT, AUTHOR OF "WAR WORKERS," ETC. ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE NET.

¶, "One fierce democratic volume. . . . There is no question of the power of these verses."—The Expository Times.

HE SHELDONIAN SERIES OF REPRINTS AND RENDERINGS OF MASTERPIECES IN ALL LANGUAGES EDITED BY REGINALD HEWITT, M.A.

- I. SONGS AND SAYINGS OF WALTHER VON DER VOGELWEIDE, MINNESAENGER ENGLISHED BY FRANK BETTS.
- II. THE FUNERAL ORATION OF PERICLES ENGLISHED BY THOMAS HOBBES OF MALMES-BURY.
- III. BALLADES OF FRANCOIS VILLON INTER-PRETED INTO ENGLISH VERSE BY PAUL HOOKHAM.
- IV. GREENE'S GROATS-WORTH OF WIT BOUGHT WITH A MILLION OF REPENTANCE.
- V. COPLAS DE MANRIQUE TRANSLATED BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW SPANISH AND ENGLISH ON FACING PAGES.
- VI. THE LITTLE ROMANCERO SPANISH BALLADS, ENGLISHED BY FRANK BETTS.
- VII. THE STORY OF THE HUMAN RACE **BY** GIACOMO LEOPARDI. THE ENGLISH RENDERING FACING THE ITALIAN.
- **1.** The series is limited in the case of each volume to an edition of five hundred copies on hand-made paper, printed in two colours in Dolphin old style type, and published at two shillings and sixpence net.

I, Mr. Blackwell would welcome suggestions for subsequent

volumes.

OXFORD & B. H. BLACKWELL, BROAD ST.







